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few leagues from the house of his female friends, at Rouen, sat down on a bank, and plunged into his breast a sword which he had provided for the purpose. He received his death so composedly, that he was found the next day by some passengers leaning against a tree, as if in a slumber. How applicable are the words of one of our best northern

Irish poets on another occasion to the fate of this virtuous pair.

"Farewell blessed spirits! the finger of fate
Has twined a fair chaplet your brows to adorn,
In ages to come shall she boast of your name,
And tell your sad story to millions unborn."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A PRIMROSE.

DEAR little flower of odour rare,
Sweet harbinger of Summer fair,
Thou smilest on thy lowly bed,
And all around thy fragrance shed.
In Flora's train among the first,
By bounteous nature kindly nursed
Within the lap of mother Earth,
Till genial Spring commands thy birth.

While yet the chilling winds of March,
The aged and infirm search;
Thou dost expand thy tender form
And "bide the pelting of the storm."
Beneath some aged hawthorn bush,
Where cheery sits the sprightly thrush,
Perhaps some school-boy passing by,
Upon thee casts his gazing eye,
And plucks thee from thy natal soil
To feed his double sense a while.
Or in some lonely vale dost bloom,
Where thy native bed's thy tomb,
The hours are few thou dost consume. }
What pity, dost so soon decay,
That thou'rt not doom'd a longer day,
Thy odoriferous power to spread,
To all around thy humble bed!

Just so man's earthy race like thine,
Is but some fleeting hours of time,
For when Death waves his iron wand
Obey'd must be the dread command.
But not to sleep in death for ever,
The body and the soul must sever,
The body to its final rest,
The soul (if number'd with the blest)
Pursues its course through worlds unknown,

Unto the high celestial throne;
There to join the heavenly choir,
In praising the Almighty Sire;
There feast on never-fading joy,
And pleasure that knows no alloy.

Westland, March 2, 1810.

W.D.

REFLECTIONS OF A SWISS SOLDIER,

ON HEARING THE NATIONAL TUNE WHICH IS
KNOWN TO PRODUCE THE DISEASE CALLED
ED HOSTALGIA.

"The intrepid Swiss that guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the songs so sweetly wail'd,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguail'd,
Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs."

Pleasures of Memory, part 1, p. 26.

YE strains! ye melting strains!
Fired at the piercing sound,
My bleeding heart complains,
With agonizing wound.
Oh! cease your meltings, cease!
Ye mind me of my home,
The dear abode of peace,
Where Fancy lov'd to roam.
Wide-wasting cruel War,
With stern tyrannic sway,
From Alpine hills afar,
Has torn me since away,
From wild o'erhanging woods;
From cliffs aloft in air;
From rapid rolling floods;
From mountains bleak and bare;
From streams and lonely dells,
In rural beauties wild;
Where simple pleasure dwells,
With Nature's happiest child;
From all my country's charms,
My country ever dear!

"* The celebrated *Ranz de Vaches*; cet air se chéri des Suisses, qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leur troupe parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, desserter ou mourir ceux qu'il entendoient, tant il excitait en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays."

Rousseau, Dictionnaire, de Musique.
TRANSLATION.

"This air, so dear to the Swiss, is prohibited under pain of death from being played in their troops, as it causes those who hear it to melt into tears, desert, or die, so much it excites in them the ardent desire of re-visiting their country."